

Just Dialogue 1

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Sample of Content:

Various situations where humor is present in the form of dialogue.

Content:

It's all jus' dialogue!

The Chia Pet Commercial...

I'm sure everyone is fully aware of the Chia Pet commercials. However, afterwards, the commercials were modified to sell a different product...

Woman: I love Chia Pets! I bought one for my son, my daughter, my husband, and... myself!

[Camera cuts to the woman's family.]

Son: Yeah, it's really hard on us, living with a skitzophrenic mother who buys us each the same gift every year.

Daughter: All the time, it's chia pet this, chia pet that. It's almost like she gets off on saying "chia."

Husband: The only thing I can do with it is think of different ways to destroy it.

[Camera cuts to a flashback the husband is having, where he is holding a chia pet in one hand. With the other hand, he turns on the garbage disposal, turns it off, then he opens the microwave and closes it, and glances incessantly between the two.]

Son: If you have a sibling who is suffering from mental disorders, please, keep them away from the phone, and you'll keep yourself away from Chia Pets.

The FBI spying on Punker...

In the '60s, one of the effective methods of the government trying to disrupt activist movements was convincing lead members of these organizations that their spouse was cheating on them, or vice versa. Often times, this would be a male or a female calling up the person they wanted to give envy to, and then asking to speak to their spouse (using their name), and then abruptly hanging up. It was just enough to cause suspicion. Now, you may think that the FBI has stopped doing this. Oh contraire!

Sergeant Johnson: Okay, I'm going to need you to call up Punker and ask to speak to Stray. Got it?

Detective Carl: Yes, sir.

[Dialing...]

Punker (answering): Mmmmmmyello....

Carl: Hi, is Stray there?

Punker: Speaking.

Carl: No, I mean... Stray, the female? (reading from a paper)... woman whom you are intimately involved with, I mean, who Punker is intimately involved with.

Punker: I think I know who I am.

Carl: Uuummmm, okay, then...

Johnson (whispering to Carl and giving him a piece fo paper): Quick! Read this!

Carl: I want to stick my tongue in your ass...

Punker: Ooooo! When can we do this!?!?

.....

Johnson: Why the hell did you hang up, Carl!?

[Carl gives a deathly look at Johnson.]

Johnson: Call again.

Carl: But -- but --.....

Johnson: I'm the ranking officer here. Now do it!

Carl: Fine....

[Dialing...]

Punker (answering): This is Andy Rooney and Ed Bradley in Sixty Minutes... Ka-pooshshshshzzzshzshzsh.....

[Silence...]

Carl (cautious): Uh, is Stray --

Punker: Are your tire treads running low!? Then get Baby Wax Tread Increaser, made from 100% recycled dead baby!

[Silence...]

Johnson (to Carl): Go on!

Carl (still cautious): I want to --

Punker: Have sex with my sister? Go ahead!

[Carl looks to Johnson with puppy dog eyes. Johnson returns it with a stern look.]

Carl: Is Stray --

Punker: Highly sexual? You bet! At least, since last time I saw her with some FBI detective's wife.

Carl: ... huh, wha-?

The FBI spying on Punker II...

Failing in their attempts to disrupt the social justice movement of Punker, the FBI reverts to a different tactic.

Johnson: Okay, Carl, you're fired. Get the hell out of here.

Carl: Thank you, sir.

Johnson: Belinda... I'll need your assistance.

Belinda: What do you want me to do?

Johnson: I need you to call up Punker, and convince him that you had sex with him.

Belinda: Sure...

[Dialing...]

Punker: Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!! Ka-boosm, kabaaaaashhh, shkooooshhhmmmm.... 'I can't feel my legs!!!' 'We must advance the forward line!' 'Aaaaargggghhh!' Det det det det det.... 'We gotta take out that bunker!' Det det det det det....

[Belinda looks at Johnson with puppy dog eyes.]

Johnson: Go on!

Belinda: Hi, Punker baby...

Punker: Oh, it's a chick, heh, heh, heh.... Hey, lova'.

Belinda: My name is Liz. Do you remember having sex with me?

Punker:

Belinda: Remember, you asked me if we could fuck, and I said yes...?

Punker:

Belinda: I have brown hair?

Punker: Oh, Liz! Right right right, now it makes sense...

Belinda: Yeah, I wanted to know if she would get together again. But first, you have to tell Stray that you hate her and won't ever see her again.

Punker: It depends... What do you look like?

Belinda: You remember, we had sex?

Punker: A, touch'e... but, of all the random girls I've fucked, I've yet to have sex sober. And when I wake up, all I have to know that I did anything is a wet condom that smells like me. But then again, the taste was something different, so I'm not sure.

[Belinda looks to Johnson, with a pleading look....]

Johnson: Keep going!

Belinda: Yeah, uh, well, I'm blonde, short, big busted...

[Johnson starts laughing... Belinda punches him.]

Punker: Hhhmmmmm, what are you wearing?

Belinda: A black dress.

Punker: Can you descriptively tell me what it's like when you eat a strawberry sundae?

Belinda: Well, first I stick out my tongue and massage the soft, cool -- I mean....

Punker: You mean what?

Johnson: You fuckin' hung up! Why!?

Belinda: No pay is worth that.

Johnson: Get the hell out! You're fired!

www.punkerslut.com

For Life,

Punkerslut (or Andy Carloff) has been writing essays and poetry on social issues which have caught his attention for several years. His website <http://www.punkerslut.com> provides a complete list of all of these writings. His life experience includes homelessness, squatting in New Orleans and LA, dropping out of high school, getting expelled from

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